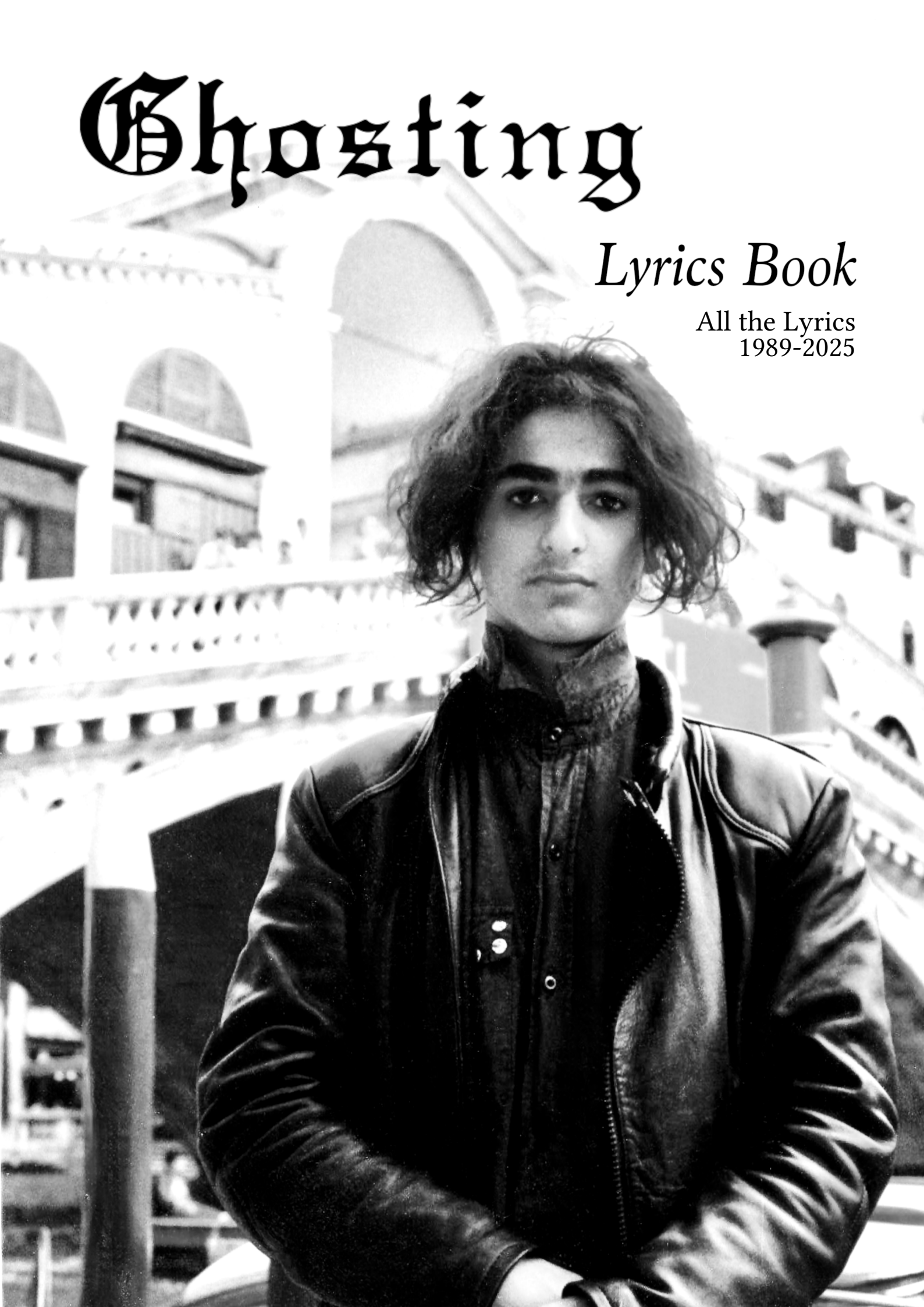
Ghosting

Lyrics Book

All the Lyrics
1989-2025



PREFACE

For more than 40 years I've been writing lyrics for my music project GhostinG. It represents a significant portion of my life, a constant companion through changing times, evolving thoughts, and shifting personal landscapes. What began as a youthful exploration of a 14 year old in 1989 has endured, becoming a repository for reflections, dreams, nightmares, and observations.

Within these pages lies a chronicle of that journey, captured in words. GhostinG has always been a deeply personal outlet, a way to navigate the complexities of existence – the interplay of darkness and light, love and loss, the tangible world and the spectral realms of imagination. Themes may have shifted, styles may have evolved, but the core impulse to translate feeling into language has remained.

These words were intrinsically tied to sound, born alongside melodies, rhythms, and atmospheres. Reading them here, separated from their musical context, offers a different perspective – perhaps starker, perhaps more intimate. They are fragments of moments, echoes of emotions, attempts to capture the fleeting and wrestle with the persistent.

Looking back over such a long period, patterns emerge, obsessions recur, and certain landscapes are revisited time and again. There are moments of raw feeling alongside more crafted narratives, explorations of inner turmoil and outer decay, fleeting glimpses of beauty amidst ruins. This collection is presented as it unfolded, a testament to a persistent creative drive.

Compiling this has been an act of archaeology as much as curation. My deepest gratitude goes out to everyone who has listened to GhostinG over the years, finding something resonant within the sound and the silence, the words and the spaces between them. Your engagement gives these creations a life beyond my own head and heart.

I hope this collection offers something to you, whether as a companion to the music you know, or as a standalone journey into the lyrical world of GhostinG. Thank you for reading.

Bern, 2025 SASCHA TAYEFEH

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Absolute Dream

Songs from Fairyland, 1994
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Your hair reflect the sun
I feel delighted by your smile
And your kisses make me feel soft
And your breast so close to mine
So warm, so close

We are lying in the heat
Of a desert's hot and yellow sand
A wonderful and great promise is to keep
Your body in my hands for ever
For ever and ever

But my absolute dream will never come alive
No matter how hard I try
Reality will never give in
No matter how hard I try
And so long ago
So long ago I gave up

I touch your skin, I taste your breath
You'll feel complete tenderness
We caress one another until
We'll float softly through the air

When my fingers feel your lap
And even warmer than the sand
We're gonna feel most perfect passion
Most perfect passion we ever could feel
We ever could feel

But my absolute dream will never come true
No matter how hard I try
Though I know it must be somewhere out there
Too far beyond the universe
And so long ago
So long ago I gave up

We can influence reality
We can steal a lover's hope
We destroy a dreamer's destiny.
And we are able to forbid any relationship
But you cannot stop the love in my mind.

You cannot take my fantasy away

I will always keep my goddess in my heart
And love her in the desert's sun
But my absolute dream will never come alive
No matter how hard I try
And so long ago
So long ago I gave up

Absolute Dream - Remake

Black Romantic IV, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Your hair reflects the sun
I feel delighted by your smile
And your kisses make me feel soft
And your breast so close to mine
So warm, so close

We are lying in the heat
Of a desert's hot and yellow sand
A wonderful and great promise is to keep
Your body in my hands for ever
For ever and ever

But my absolute dream will never come alive
No matter how hard I try
Reality will never give in
No matter how hard I try
And so long ago
So long ago I gave up

I touch your skin, I taste your breath,
you will feel complete tenderness
We caress each other until
We float softly through the air

When my fingers touch your pink
And even hotter than the sand
We're gonna feel the most perfect passion
Most perfect passion we ever could feel
We ever could feel

But my absolute dream will never come true
No matter how hard I try
Though I know it must be somewhere out there
Too far beyond the universe
And so long ago
So long ago I gave up

We can influence reality
We can steal a lover's hope
We destroy a dreamer's destiny.
And we are able to forbid any relationship
But you cannot stop the love in my mind.

You cannot take my fantasy away

I will always keep my goddess in my heart
And love her in the desert sun
But my absolute dream will never come alive
No matter how hard I try
And so long ago
So long ago I gave up

Ad Infinitum - Demo

Secret Books, 1989
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Blood on the floor, blood from the ceiling
Blood on the door, bloody my feelings
Blood on my mace, blood in the air
Blood on my face and blood in my hair.

No tears anymore, I won't cry no more
I will do my best and I will kill the rest
I ate the soil and I ate the grime
I couldn't feel and I could see
Blood is my dust, blood is to rust
Blood are my words, blood from my corpse

Blood in their eyes, bloody their ashes
Blood in my eyes and blood are their cashes
Blood my rage, blood through my brain
Bloody my hate and blood in the rain
Well, I'm so happy and I feel pretty
I don't cry, I feel so fine
Sweet confusion steer my reflections
Living to die, die to live,
I will win.

Ad Infinitum - Remake

Black Romantic III, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Blood on the floor, blood from the ceiling
Blood on the door, blood in my feelings
Blood on my face, blood in the air
Blood on my mace and blood in my hair

No tears anymore, I won't cry anymore
I will do my best, and I will kill the rest
I ate the soil and I ate the dirt
I couldn't feel and I couldn't see

Blood is my dust, blood are my words
Blood is my trust, blood on my corpse
Blood in their eyes, blood in their ashes
Blood in my eyes, blood is their cash and

Blood in my anger, blood through my brain.
Blood in my hate and blood in the rain.
And blood on my face, blood in the air.
Blood on my mace and blood on my hair.

Well, I'm so happy, and I feel pretty
I don't cry, I feel so fine.
Sweet confusion directs my reflections
Living to die, die to live

All Your Dreams

All Your Dreams E.P., 2025
© by Sascha Tayefeh

I've been to places in your dreams
I've been awake while you were sleeping
I've been through your nightmares
Now I'm back with your dreams

I know what you've been eager for
For all your pitiful dreams
All the things out of your reach
All the things you think you need

Bring on all your dreams
I can take them all
Bring on all your dreams
I can take them all

Bring on all your dreams
Bring on all your dreams
Bring on all your fears
Pour them down on me

To Places In Your Dreams
While You Were Asleep
Though Your Nightmares
Back With Yo-ur Dreams

I am striding straight through your dreams
Leaving behind my sparks and lines
The walls and waters wrap and wind
And your wishes ride the wind

I've been searching for your dreams
For a place for you to thrive
I've been collecting shattered dreams
So I'll give up on my own dreams

And You See Me

Lips Like Red, 1995
© by Sascha Tayefeh

A walk on the bridge to the city to the mist
Desperate boys to the left and fallen girls to the right

Raise your eyes and look around and
Always look back what you see is what you get
And you see me, and you see me
Raise your eyes and look at me

What you see is what you get
What you need is what you never had
What you feel is what you get
And you see me, and you see me

Aphex

L'état c'est moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Higher thoughts come falling down
With raindrops burning on my hand
Ever we shall be the sea eating up the rain

Last night I had this walk
Met you crying for a grave
Ray fell on my hand
Ray fell on my eyes

We shall be the sea eating up the rain
We shall be the sea eating up the rain
I shook, I looked
Rays of red eyes
I hooked, I looked
Your spirit fades away

Be Someone Else

Geisterwelten E.P., 2024
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Be someone else …I ask you.
Be someone else …I dare you.
Be someone else …I beg you.
Be anyone else, just not yourself.

Be someone else …for a moment.
Be someone else …for me.
Be someone else …for the show.
Be what you’re meant to be.

Beyond Repair

All Your Dreams E.P., 2025
© by Sascha Tayefeh

It's just as I told you,
And nothing's gonna be all right,
A pathetic child beyond repair
No one's gonna be there

That's just the way it goes
That's just the way it goes
That's just the way it goes
That's just the way it goes
That's just the way it goes

I'm sitting here and watching
As your breaths are counting down
As the deserts are burning down
As vengeance is being taken down

Down
Down

Everything will now take its course now

Blood Ocean

Romantic Death, 1992
© by Sascha Tayefeh

So you thought on this earth you may come alive
So you thought on this earth you are able to find
Some tears of blood of crying souls
lighting up some peaceful

Lights above the ocean's blood
Hardly thrive to come
Ice above the ocean's blood
Hardly thrive to cover this ground

Blood, Blood,
My Blood Ocean come

I see your waves, assembled corpses
And heads, and bones, and red resources
None of them may understand the ocean's bloody hands
None of them may understand the ocean's burning hands
And heads, and bones, and red resources

Blood, Blood, Blood Ocean come
Blood, Blood, Blood Ocean rise
Rise, rise, rise your waves
Increase, increase, increase your drops
And get these bones of these traitors

Blood Ocean - Remake

Black Romantic III, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

So you thought on this earth you may come alive
So you thought on this earth you are able to find
Some tears of blood of crying souls
lighting up some peaceful

Lights above the ocean's blood
Hardly thrive to come
Ice above the ocean's blood
Hardly thrive to cover this ground

Blood, Blood,
My Blood Ocean come

I see your waves, assembled corpses
And heads, and bones, and red resources
None of them may understand the ocean's bloody hands
None of them may understand the ocean's burning hands
And heads, and bones, and red resources

Blood, Blood, Blood Ocean come
Blood, Blood, Blood Ocean rise
Rise, rise, rise your waves
Increase, increase, increase your drops
And get these bones of these traitors

Bombed The World

Lips Like Red, 1995
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Touch the crystal of light by night
When words are lost in the storm and keys turn

Like servants serve, like preachers pray
Like a drop of blood on a maiden's name
Like a thousands of times I crossed the sky,
Like a single step, like turning back

And the shadows float ahead

O God, I bombed this world, I killed this world
I bombed this world, destroyed the world
I bombed the world and I killed the world
I bombed the world, destroyed the world

And there's this New Model Army I used to love
But I'd never ever love this world - that's for sure

Punished in a house and marked upon the door
The stranger looks back like, like a storm of words
Like a fog of birds, that touches take over over over over

And the shadows float ahead

I bombed this world, I killed the world
I bombed this world, destroyed the world
I bombed the world and I killed the world
I bombed the world, destroyed the world

Figuring like my finger, devil's hell
And I never ever wanted this world, what should I wait?

It's not a lie if I don't fight
for a better world, for I don't like this world
If I'd my way, if I'd the power
I'd rather bomb this world

And the shadows float ahead

I bombed this world, I killed this world
I bombed this world, destroyed this world
I bombed the world, I killed the world
I bombed the world, destroyed the world ...

Child

L'état c'est moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

By meeting the ground you shall fade away
By meeting the ground the child shall be put down

And we never thought of visions
Like that vision we had that night
And both of us were talking
Just like knowing just like walking

And we kissed and we talked and we put down the world
And we kissed and caressed and we put down the world

And we didn't think of anything further
And we didn't think of anything worse
But then the child was gone
And the the child was dead
Cause when the child had been put down
We were overground

By meeting the ground you shall fade away
By meeting the ground the child must be put down

And we never thought of visions
Like that vision we had that night
And both of us were talking
Just like knowing just like walking

And we kissed and we loved and we put down the world
And we kissed and caressed and we put down the world
And we didn't think of anything further
And we didn't think of anything worse
But then the child was gone
And then the child was dead
We were overground

Crying

Romantic Death, 1992
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Would you hear the word said to reach you?
And would you tear the unwanted fault?
Ungrateful decisions, improvement of strength, and
The kind of the people that left me alone as I cried

I remarked that there's something wrong
Your response that you don't belong
To me
And we
Have chosen another
To live in a freedom
Is just like to live in a prison

Denkmal

Romantic Death, 1992
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Einst stand hier ein mächtiger Mann
Der wollte retten der Sonne Glanz
Der ward gesendet von Gottes Tor
Zu flehen und betteln, erretten dich Thor

Ich wollt' er wäre heut' noch da
So wär's, wär' damals kein Verrat
Der finst'ren Mächte pure Kraft
Brachten ihn der Hölle nah

So wollt' er leben für die Guten
Land befrei'n von allem Üblen
Als er sah den Tod der naht'
Da mußt er sterben ohne Tat

Die Zeit, die kam ihn zu belehr'n
Dass Gutes stets nicht lange währt
Dass Gutes nur ein Traum sein mag
Zu träumen viel zu viel zu schad'

Nun steht noch heut' ein Denkmal hier
Verwuchert von vergessener Nacht
Bewundert von dem Tod der lacht
Am End' er ward sein hörig' Tier

Der Tod In Flandern

Black Romantic IV, 2021
Original Author: Traditional

Der Tod reit't auf einem kohlschwarzen Rappen
Er hat eine undurchsichtige Kappen
Wenn Landsknecht' in das Feld marschieren
Lässt er sein Ross daneben galoppieren

Der Tod reit't auf einem lichten Schimmel
Schön wie ein Cherubin vom Himmel
Wenn Mädchen ihren Reigen schreiten
Will er mit ihnen im Tanze gleiten

Flandern in Not
In Flandern reitet der Tod
In Flandern reitet der Tod

Der Tod kann auch die Trommel rühren
Du kannst den Wirbel im Herzen spüren
Er trommelt lang, er trommelt laut
Er schlägt auf eine Totenhaut

Falalala, falalala

Als er den ersten Wirbel geschlagen
Da hat's das Blut vom Herzen getragen
Als er den zweiten Wirbel schlug
Den Landsknecht man zu Grabe trug

Flandern in Not
In Flandern reitet der Tod
In Flandern reitet der Tod

Der dritte Wirbel ist so lang gegangen
Bis der Landsknecht von Gott sein'n Segen empfangen
Der dritte Wirbel ist leis und lind
Als wiegt eine Mutter in Schlaf ihr Kind

Der Tod kann Rappen und Schimmel reiten
Der Tod kann lächelnd im Tanze schreiten.
Er trommelt laut, er trommelt fein:
Gestorben, gestorben, gestorben muss sein.

Flandern in Not ...In Flandern reitet der Tod

Die Baby Die

Disguised In Black, 2003
© by Sascha Tayefeh

I swear, I've tried
To cope with you
I've done all I can
By now I got sick

I kept away
From hate and despair
I've done all I can
By now I got sick

Die, die, baby die
Don't you ask me why
You must die, die, baby die

Take my hand
And hear is what you mean to me
I've done all I can
By now I got sick

Come with me
And here is what's behind the line
I've done all I can
By now I got sick

Hush, little baby
don't you cried!
Hush, little baby
It's gonna be all right

Drift

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

I'm lost in the drive of reality
A broken a torn reality
A broken and torn destiny

Disguised In Black

Disguised In Black, 2003
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Hiding my colours, hiding my light
Covering it up with lies
Breathing strange haze, the reasons fade
Come, let us disguise in black

And I'm howling through the darkness
Crying for wisdom, crying for the truth
But all I get is that strange haze

Look now, I am disguised in precious little lies
Now I am disguised in black
Look now, I am disguised in precious little lies
Now I am disguised in black

I'm a child of this time, I'm a child of these days
I have become numb

And I'm howling through the darkness
Crying for wisdom, crying for truth
But all I get is confusion

And there's a voice in the distance
Telling me about who I am and who you are
And who I could be and who you should be

And where the secrets of life can be found
Where the universe will start and time will stop

But I don't want to hear this, I never asked for this
But now it's still it's here, still it's here
We'll be here forever, and ever, and ever
And I can't help going blind, going wild!

Look now, I am disguised in precious little lies
Now I am disguised in black
Look now, I am disguised in precious little lies
Now I am disguised in black
Look finally I've gone, numb and blind and dumb
Now I am disguised in black
Look now, I am disguised in precious little lies
Now I am disguised in black
In black, in black!

Elfentanz

Songs From Fairyland, 1993
© by Sascha Tayefeh

We sent you life, we sent you faith
We sent you air, delicious wine
We sent you love, we sent you joy
And sent you time to spent in here

Just reach out

The birth of earth as you might think,
Knowingly asked
Nor shed a tear,
What would you do
Unveiling to a thousand times

O lords of heaven,
It's not my fault, It never was,
Nor ever will be

O lords of hell,
Forgive their faults
For they are just
Not even more
Sad
Bright
Bless
Your child

Flanders

The Flanders E.P., 2000
© by Sascha Tayefeh

She lives in a place that's dark and cold
She was put inside as an eight-year-old
She cannot remember the world outside
She's been trying hard just to survive

She lives in a cold and pitch-black place
She's been following every promising trace
She's been screaming and crying and starving alone
And there's no-one caring or leading her home

In Flanders fields of rape
In Flanders fields she dwells
She dwells there all on her own

The first years there she tried to improve
The next years there she managed to reduce
Her need for comfort, her will to survive
Her hope for relief, her urge to cry
No hope for anyone to calm her down
No hope for any arms around
No hope at all, cause hoping hurts
No hope, no more disappointments

Falalala
Falalala

She cannot see the sky above
She cannot see her prince beyond
She cannot see the doors opened wide
She cannot see the cozy light

She lives in a place that's dark and cold
She was put inside as an eight-year-old
She dies every day a torturous death
Day after day a painful death

In Flanders fields of rape
In Flanders fields she dwells
She dwells there all on her own

Geisterwelten

Geisterwelten, 2024
Lyrics and © by Marlen Moisidou

Στο φεγγάρι θα ναυαγήσω
πανσέληνο σαν κέρμα
στα μάτια θα κολλήσω
ταξίδι λησμονιάς χωρίς επιστροφή
κλείνω τα μάτια και εσύ είσαι εκεί

σκοτάδια της σκέψης
καλύπτουν ή αποκαλύπτουν
ποιο είναι πιο αγνό
το φως του ήλιου ή το φως του φεγγαριού
ψευδαίσθηση παντού

Στο φεγγάρι θα ναυαγήσω
πανσέληνο σαν κέρμα
στα μάτια θα κολλήσω
ταξίδι λησμονιάς χωρίς επιστροφή
κλείνω τα μάτια και εσύ είσαι εκεί

Οι μέρες, οι νύχτες, τα φώτα
Οι δρόμοι μακριά, μακριά
σε παίρνουν
σε παίρνουν μακριά

ψάχνεις στο θόλο
αστέρια να μετρήσεις
τις σκέψεις σου απόψε
πώς θα αναζητήσεις
αυτό σου παγώνει μέσα την ψυχή
μα μην περιμένεις μέχρι το πρωί

Get Your Hit

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Do it on your own

Get your hit
Get your kick

In the summer
In the park
In the summer
In the dark

Do it on your own
Do it all alone

Get your hit

Gib Dich Hin

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Fürchtest du dich vor dem Schmerz?
Hast du Angst vor deinen Gefühlen?
Fürchtest du dich vor dem Schlaf?
Danach das zittern die Träume

Diese tränen aus Blut und Licht
Aus Trauer um verlor'n in der Nächte
Aus Angst vor dem was war
Was ist und was noch kommt

Gib dich hin, mein Kind, und wehr' dich nicht
Gib dich hin, ich halte dich
Gib dich hin, mein Kind, und liebe mich
Gib dich hin, bis mein Feuer erlischt!

Liebst du nicht auch diesen Schmerz?
Spürst du nicht auch die Gier?
Nach Licht und noch mehr Fragen,
Gedanken, Gefühlen und Träume.
Dieses Glitzern der Engel der Sterne
Die Liebe versteckt im Traum
Aus Sehnsucht nach dem was war
Verloren, vergangen und begraben

Gib dich hin, mein Kind und wehr dich nicht
Gib dich hin, ich halte Licht
Gib dich hin, mein Kind und liebe mich
Gib dich hin, bis mein Feuer erlischt!

Ghosting

Songs from Fairyland, 1993
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Sent from heaven to write these songs
That break your heart that make you strong
Fought from hell by the devil's brute
Don't understand their jellousy

Trying, we're just trying,
We keep on trying to cope with them

As those demons said: "Thou are well!"
I believed them and gave them faith
Roumors were spread and I was deceived
Noone was here who kept featuring me

Sent from heaven

Though I successfully spread my life
The demons kept on fighting me
Francis Bacon treads me hope
I'd like to be keen on building

Sent from heaven ...

Heal Me

Lips Like Red, 1995
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Heal me, I'm falling
Heal me, I don't need your lies
Heal me, I'm crawling
Heal me, I don't need your hands

Heal me, I don't need your arms
Heal me, I don't like your smile
Heal me, I do hate your tenderness
Heal me, I do not want you

Give me a gun give me knifes
For me to make your body look alright
Give me a shot, give me sense
One world, one hand to lead

O give me a day that looks right
For me to make this day look pretty wrong
Give me a mirror to heal
To tear this mirror into dust

Show me a place full of life
I'll turn it into the fines battlefield
I want the war that bombs the world
Yes, I'm gonna kill this wonderful world

Heartbeat

The Flanders E.P., 2020
© by Sascha Tayefeh

The years have gone by
Still I haven't found a real way out.
The childhood is gone
Everything's been turning on and on.

We joyfully take
The silver to the flames of our personal hells.
You secretly blame
A friend before his enemies.

Sounding so fine,
And I see the dance of the heartbeat.
Sounding so fine
And I can still feel my heartbeat.

I Lose Control

L'Etat C'Est Moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Killed my thoughts as they came clear
Put me deep into my sweat
Came along an endless road
And pushed her tongue into my throat
Put the ice to melt on fire
Burning, burning my desire

Making love while feeling hate
Dig me deep a sweet grave
Put the moon into a hole
Made the sun loose it's light
Dancing with me on coal
Dancing with me on ice
Gave me hope, gave me strength
But there was just nothing

Now you may wonder what went wrong
Well, let me tell ya that now I'm strong
Let me tell ya that this is for real
I hate you, O dear

4 seconds, I lose my confession
3 seconds, I lose my faith
2 seconds, now I know my new profession
1 second, I lose control

Ice - Remake

Black Romantic III, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Jump into the ocean of ice.
Run towards the shimmering light.
At least my worthless work here is done.
Waiting for my wages to come.
Nothing in my life is lost.
No matter what it costs.
I will win.

See the stars, see my love.
Feel my heart, see my rage.
See my love, feel my love.
Hear my voice. Here I am,
With my new pain, I know we are
With our love …above.

See my heart, see my face.
Hear my voice, heal my love.
Heal my hate, see my heart.
See me dance in the air.
On my house, on my own
With myself never again
Remain

L’Eremitage

Romantic Death, 1993
© by Sascha Tayefeh

I heard a tale of some little places
Where lovers remain with masks hide their faces
Where no one disturbs the silence of nature
I long for these places where I’m gonna rest

Dans cet ermitage, j’ai trouvé ma seule place
que j’avais cherché, maintenant, je suis heureux.

C’est vrai.

Dans cet eremitage, on me laisse tout seul
On me laisse en silence, j’ai la paix.

I’ve travelled this world for as long as I live
I’ve tested I’ve heard the places that drift
The towns of the states which lie deep and lie
Of maps where they stay where I cannot go

This long searched peaces, a long line of lives
Dust upon my hand and noise in my head
If I would find to make silence mine
I would have found what you call peace

Now I refuse, I’m running out of love
You feel, see and hear my prayers to our Lord
So one thing that steers my whole life
I named full of glory: hope or die

Listen to this song and listen to my words
And go out and search the places I described
This wonderful urge which I could not find
And if you succeeded, go, rest in peaces!

L’état c’est moi

L’Etat C’Est Moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Watch the flower bloom
The one that grows out of my hand
You can’t cut this way
Swords can’t cut what
God creates

Kiss my hand, kiss my feet
Kiss my boots on your knees
My force blooms for ever

L’état c’est moi
Der Staat Bin Ich
I am the king
Shah-en-Shah-e-tun hast-am

Have a look at my crown
It shimmers as bright as the personal light
Of heaven and angels

I’m God’s hand, I’m God’s eyes
I’m the hero sent to fight
Against those religions some folks call freedom

Kiss my hand, kiss my feet
Kiss my boots on your knees

L’état c’est moi
Der Staat Bin Ich
I am the king
Shah-en-Shah-e-tun hast-am

Listen, poor pagan
I’m the power, I’m the state
Listen, poor people
I’m the law, I am the king

In the king you must trust

Let Me Stay

Songs from Fairyland, 1994
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Here I am, as lonely as can be
Here I stay, the place promised to me
This place longs for me to let me sleep
I shed no tears, I won't look back on
The prison of my past, on the ashes of my home
At last I'm alone, at last I am on my own so

Let me stay, I'm sleeping well
Let me sleep, I'm falling deep
Let me dream, I'm all alone
I'm all too happy to leave this dream

Why won't you see, I've just realised
This place is shining just to fetch my mind
It has been calling me,
It has been waiting for me

Let me stay, I'm sleeping well
Let me sleep, I'm falling deep

Here I am, so here is where I stay

I shed no tears
I won't look back
On the prison of my past
On the ashes of my home

At last, I'm alone
At last I am on my own

So let me stay, …

Lion King

Disguised in Black, 2003
© by Sascha Tayefeh

She was asking for the truth
So many time she had been fooled so I
Led her to the place she longed for
And showed her all she asked for

And as she realized that
Truth is just a cloaked lie
So many tears she cried
And I just wondered why she said:

Make me the bride of the lion king
Let me suffer, let me in
Make me the bride of the lion king
I need to see the things he's seen

She was walking down the path that promised
Anything she's die for the
Stairs she climbed they led her
To the palace built for Gods

And as she realised
That truth is just a cloaked lie
You should have seen that bride
How beautiful she died!

Bring me the light of the lion king
Let me suffer, let me in
Bring me the light of the lion king
Let me see the things he's seen

Bring me the head of the lion king
Let me suffer, let me in
Bring me the head of the lion king
Let me see the things he's seen

Now watch those empty souls passing by
Watch them loosing all of their lights
Closing her eyes she stops to fight
So the time has come to close her mind

Make her the bride of the lion king
Make her suffer, let her in

Make her the bride of the lion king
She needs to see the things he's seen.

Make her the bride of the lion king
Make her suffer, let her in
Make her the bride of the lion king
She needs to see the things he's seen.

Liquid Brain - Remake

Black Romantic III, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

I used my brain, my liquid brain.
I used my eyes, my beautiful eyes.

I also used my force, my unbeatable force.
And then I used my voice, my great voice.

Now I have lost my words, I have lost this fight.
Now I have lost your faith, I have lost the light.

See the ceiling fall on a crumbling ground.
Watch the warriors cry, not at all my mind.

Selling me some love and some second-hand luck.
Take away the air and get some golden mud.

Darkness fills my brain, my liquid brain.
Nothing see my eyes, my beautiful eyes.

Illness for my corpse, which is hanging down.
Blindness to my heart, drop my worthless blood.

Lost In Nothing - Remake

Black Romantic III, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

There's a spirit in the space
Whispering secrets through the haze
You can see it in the air
You can feel it everywhere

Und ich schwebe in das Licht
Und ich spüre kaltes Nichts
Just to be with that golden sound
And I miss what I haven't found

I've done all a man can do,
Lost in nothing is coming through
Walk by walk I walked all roads,
I just missed to cut my throat

Deadly fog now kissing my feet,
Offering me all I need
But I'm sure that this is not real,
Held back by all my fears

Wir seh'n uns dann an geheimen Orten
Dort wo die Engel uns umarmen
Uns uns beschützen vor allen Worten
Vor allen jemals gesprochenen Worten

Du denkst, du wärst zu blind um zu verstehen
Und zu blind um das Gold zu sehen
Wie blind mußt du jetzt sein, wie blind und klein
Jetzt da die Sonne nie mehr scheint

I've done all a man can do,
Lost in nothing is coming through
Walk by walk I walked all roads,
I just missed to cut my throat

Deadly fog now kissing my feet,
Offering me all I need
But I'm sure that this is not for real,
Held back by all my fears

Du hast vergessen was du nie vergessen wolltest
Doch ins Hirn gebrannt was du vergessen solltest

Won't you show me the golden dawn
Just to live with that golden sound

A rock and a hard place still waiting for me
Die Nacht für mich und die Engel flieht
I've done all a man can do,
Lost in nothing is coming through
Walk by walk I walked all roads,
I just missed to cut my throat

Black fog now kissing my feet,
Offering me all I need
But I'm sure that this is not for real,
holden back by all my fears

Lost in Nothing (Demo Version)

Black Romantic, 1991
© by Sascha Tayefeh

There's a spirit in the space
Whispering secrets through the haze
You can see it in the space
And you feel it by mistake

Und ich spüre kaltes Nichts
Und ich schwebe in das Licht

Just to be with that golden sound
And I miss what I haven't found

Wir seh'n uns dann an geheimen
Orten Dort wo die Engel uns umarmen
Uns uns beschützen vor allen
Worten Vor allen jemals gesprochenen
Worten Du denkst, du wärst zu blind um zu verstehen
Und zu blind um das Gold zu sehen
Wie blind mußt du jetzt sein,
wie blind und klein Jetzt da die
Sonne nicht mehr scheint

I've done all a man can do
Lost in nothing is coming through
Walk by walk I walked all roads
I just missed to cut my throught

Deadly fog now kissing my feet
Offering me all I need
But I'm sure that this is not for real,
held back by all my fears

Du hast vergessen was du nie vergessen wolltest
Doch ins Hirn gebrannt was du vergessen solltest

Won't you show me the golden dawn
ust to live with that golden sound
A rock and a hard place still waiting for me

Die Nacht für mich und
ein Engel flieht

I've done all a man can do
Lost in nothing is coming through

Walk by walk I walked all roads
I just missed to cut my throught
Black fog now kissing my feet Offering me all I need
But I'm sure that this is not for real,
held back by all my fears

Love Apart

Romantic Death, 1993
© by Sascha Tayefeh

He needs to see he cannot live
on air it seems, on dreams it seems
His stinking thoughts turn violently
into nasty sounds, endless grounds

He needs to see the floor has been
Moving and crumbling
And shattering, scattering blood apart,
Love apart and all apart

And still he's looking for a sign
And still he's praying to the sky
And still he's looking for a sing
Again he gives in and cries

History my root and my past is gone
And patiently, I'm waiting here

He needs to bleed to be asure
Of superficial shiny friend
He takes the knife self-assured,
It's shining bright, he's satisfied

You'll need to bleed to make me glad,
He said and cut her throat
You'll need to bleed to make me glad,
Make me glad make me glad

And still …

Luna

Black Romantic, 1991
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Deep dark night the light of moon
Shines bright I will come soon

My sense will fade when touch your ray
And lay me down on the ground

Mors ex sole venit
Mors ex sole venit

It was the moon that gave me light
It was the sun that gave me death

Amen

My little world

Disguised in Black, 2003
© by Sascha Tayefeh

My little world …

If you could just believe
Sometimes I cannot feel
Sometimes I cannot breathe.,
And I just to fall a sleep

The time just hurt too much
To stand a single touch
Is it something I have lost?
Is it something I have lost?

Sometimes I feel I've lived too much
No longer can I count the cost
It's nothing very special here
Still something special coming true
Is it something I have lost?
What is it something that I've lost?

My little world comes falling down
My little world disappearing
My little world comes falling down
My little world …
…little world

If you could just believe
There's nothing left but fear
There's nobody left but you
How there you to live?
And as you fade away
I relize you must stay

Now everything you lost
Just everything has turned into dust

My little world …

New World

Romantic Death, 1993
© by Sascha Tayefeh

As the stars were shining brightly Like eyes fine light before they cry
And now we're falling in love
And dance happily
On a platform of glass which breaks

When time passes slowly A river below
Which carries a child
Was killed by his friends

My darling you know
These visions are true more than
You are prepared to hold In your blank mind full of dreams

But still I fear
What will come
What will aproach
For I am sick and sad
My power creates a New World

I'm feeling strength
I don't know where from
But I'm gonna use
My only advance

Don't you know
I'd like to stop all this
Violence of traitors
Who want to destroy our progress
And our fame

No Pain

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

In this condition
we can feel no pain …

((he gave us some drugs))

And now follow the road
The smooth road
A long road to sleep
sleep …

In place of something
In apologies of noises
In this condition
We can feel
No pain …

((he gave us some drugs))

Nothing left

Disguised in Black, 2003
© by Sascha Tayefeh

There was nothing left in the end
There was noone left in the end
There was nothing left in the end
Not even one single familiar place

Tonight I shall cry in vain
Again I shall not complain
It's one of those nights I used to pray
This night I shall not sleep

There was nothing left in the end
There was noone left in the end
There was nothing left in the end
Not even one single familiar place

There was nothing left in the end
There was nothing left in the end
There was nothing left in the end
There was no-one left in the end

O Soldier

L'état c'est moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

A single soldier goes marching in
To Berlin and shooting his
Face just looks like a hundred years
One hundred years of suffering

Proudly watching his M-14
Looking for an enemy
Proudly reloading his M-14
Looking for an enemy

Remembers as the high command
Told him what he must believe in
Showed him how to use a gun
And told him how to kill

And told him whom to kill
And taught him how to fight
And showed him where to kill
And told him whom to …

Once (Original)

Secret Books, 1989
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Once I had a dream
Once I'd been a fool
Once I cried
Once I climbed
Once I believed
Once I trusted on you

Now I have realized
Now I have understood
Nobody's worth being living for
Nobody's worth being fighting for
Nobody's able to make me happy

The only resort is to make other people fighting and sad
Now I have realised that I am the only thing that is worth living for
For my own one, for my own luck, for my own happiness

Noone's worth, noone's worth

Noone is stronger than me
Noone can ever beat me
Noone can ever fight me
Noone, noone is as strong as me …

Once - Remake

Black Romantic IV, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Once I had a dream
Once I thought
Once I tried
Once I hid
Once I believed
Once I knew

Now I have realized
Now I have understood

No more dreaming
No more thinking
No more trying
No more hiding

Now I have seen the things that keep changing
And persistence is all
And persistence is all
And persistence is all
And persistence is all

No more, no more, no more
No more trying
No more hiding
No more believing
No more knowing

One Bullet

L’état c’est moi, 1996

- lyrics undisclosed -

Paranoia

Paranoia 7”, 1992
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Was in deinem Schatten droht
In den Gassen hinter mir
Schau’ dich um, folgt es auch dir?

Siehst du diesen Schatten dort
Der mir folgt an jeden Ort
Kann nicht flieh’n aus seinem Bann
Wie ich es mir seit je ersann

Kalten Schauer fühle ich
Siehst du denn den Schatten nicht
Der wartet das mein Ich zerbricht

Geistige Schöne, Willkommener Gast
So sei das Dasein eine Last
Der jedem an die Ohren klingen
Und heiser jede Stunde singt

Und seelig der im Siegestanze
Die blutigen Loorbeer’n an die Schläfen binden
Den er nach durchrastem Tanze
In eines Mädchen Arme findet

Seh’ ich noch den Schatten dort
Der mir singt von einem Ort
Wo der Tod will aufersteh’n
Und die Sonne untergeh’n

Laß mich geh’n ich will nicht seh’n
Siehst du denn den Schatten nicht
Der wartet das mein Ich zerbricht

Geistige Schöne …

Seh’ ich noch den Schatten dort
Der Schatten der mich stets verfolgt
Nicht abläßt von dem Gericht
Und wartet dass mein Ich zerbricht

Siehst du denn den Schatten nicht
Der wartet das mein Ich zerbricht

Geistige Schöne …

Pains

Secret Books, 1989
© by Sascha Tayefeh

A thousand times before I went …
Through all these pains, I don't pretend
Love devours my liberty
Like I will join your necrology

Nastiness is your second name
You play with me as you play with games
but no good sense can rule me
This world is all too cruel to me

Ref:

I cannot stand these pains no more
My dying life is more than bored
Don't deceive me and don't stop loving me
You cruel, crazy and hurting fibs

A thousand times before I went …
Through all these pains, I don't pretend
I give you presents, but you don't see
You give me deserts, that's what I feel

I give you secrets. but you won't hear
You just refuse everything you here

Ref:

I cannot stand these pains no more
My dying life is more than bored
Don't deceive me and don't stop loving me
You cruel, crazy and hurting fibs

Pineal Body

Demos, 1990
© by Sascha Tayefeh

A steep, steep crag
Doing what the lemmings do
Every year
I am impressed

Shatter and splatter the red, red rat
And swallow the best tranquilizers
Will reactive your pineal body
Will reactive your sixth wonderful sense

Like a desease it spreads in my mind Mental activities waste anyway
These sounds, these colors
Motionless and mute, I let my body drift

Shatter and splatter …

Phoenix

L'État C'est Moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Watch out for my tears
Have a look at me
And only for your ears
This is where we can be

Can't stand this, you know
Can't you be a Phoenix?
Beauty out of ashes
And dust made out of love

I died for you in Paris
I died for your paradise
I died for you with a smiling face
I died for you at night
I died for you in love
As I died for you in vain

Can't stand this, you know
Can't you be a Phoenix?
Beauty out of ashes
And dust made out of love

My tears to you, my love
My faith to you, my love
My heart to you, my love
My fears to you, my love
My sense to you, my love
My tears to you, my love
My love to you, my love
My blood to you, my love

I died for you in Paris
I died for your paradise
I died for you with a smiling face
I died for you at night
I died for you in love
As I died for you in vain

Remain

Black Romantic, 1992
© by Sascha Tayefeh

You'll give me lies
and give me knifes

You'll make it rain
and give me pain

So give me the pain
and see what may remain

So give me the pain
and see what may remain …

Ripped Off

Romantic Death, 1992
© by Sascha Tayefeh

I'll rip off my head
And put it on a sharp pale
I'll paint it red and black
So I feel delivered

The other day a pretty maid entered my home
Touch splendour and privilege
Her voice increased while she told my past
Her voice decreased while she saw my future and she said

I'll rip off …

The other day the pretty maid she told what might happen
If I would not stop
But I just continued my actions
She didn't say nothing, but.

I'll rip off …

The other day as she came back she looked quite bewildered
She looked very mad
Her cheap words were so foolish as she said:

I'll rip off …

Schattenreich

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Glaub es oder nicht
Ich war im Reich der Schatten
Ich sah den Ort der Flammen
Ich wollte es begreifen

Geführt vom festem Griff
Des Wahnsinns riss es mich
In die Tiefen meines Hirns
In das Schwarze meines Ichs

Es zeriss meinen Verstand
In Millionen kleine Scherben
Meine Seele brannte tausendfach
Ich konnt' nichts mehr verbergen

Vor dem Spiegel der Wahrheit
Dem Nebel der Klarheit
Den Wächtern der Gedanken
Und den Fluten des Verstands

Ich traf meine Dämonen
Ich rief sie zum Kampf
Und als ich mit ihnen fertig war
Da flehten sie um Gnade

Dann traf ich meine Schlange
Und ich ritt auf ihr so lange
Bis sie zahm war wie ein Lamm
Und ihr Gift so süss wie Wein

Glaub es oder nicht
Es geschah so wie ich es sage
Willst Du einen Beweis
Hier, sieh in mein Gesicht!

Und wenn Du die Zeichen lesen kannst
Die dieser Krieg mir auf die Stirne einbrannte
Dann weisst Du wo ich war,
Dann weisst Du was ich meine.

Schlange

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Die Schlange ist wieder erwacht
Sie giert nach Deinem Blut

Komm meine Schlange
Komm tanz mit mir
Komm meine Schlange
Uns reite mit mir

Die Schlange ist wieder erwacht
Sie giert nach Blut, Blut!

Ich reite die Schlange auf Wellen aus Blut!
Ich reinige meine Adern und befreie mich von ihr.

Seele

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Siehst du das Funkeln in meinen Augen
Frag' nicht woher es kommt
Denn jedes Funkeln hat seinen Preis
Viel höher als du glaubst

Es ist das Feuer das in mir brennt
Ja, ich weiss du kennst es auch
Seine Glut ist es die dich jetzt reizt
Doch geh' bloß nicht hinter den Rauch

Denn wenn du das tust
Falls du's wirklich versuchst
Garantier' ich dir, dass du brennen wirst
Solange bis du den Verstand verlierst

Meine Seele ist der Spielplatz
Wo die Teufel ihre Spiele spielen
Menschen durch die Flammen fliehen
Engel ihren Glanz verlieren

Meine Seele ist die Hölle
Wo die Monster leben
Träume sterben
Götter weinen
Hexen lachen
Liebende sich hassen lernen

Heut' ist wieder so ein Tag
An dem du mich fragst
Warum ich dich nicht sehen will
Ja, nicht mal mit dir reden will

Es ist du deinen eig'nen Wohl
Zu deinem eig'nen Schutz
Das Tier in mir bleibt besser unerkannt
Denn es gibt niemand der es zähmen kann

Falls du doch nach ihm suchst
Falls du's wirklich versuchst
Dann schwör' ich dir, dass es dich jagen wird
Solange bis du dich in mir verirrst

Meine Seele ist der Spielplatz …

Sleep and Dream

Lips Like Red, 1995
© by Sascha Tayefeh

O these errors
Believed in an failed
Wou-ou, get closer
Right hunt, right insane

And in the castle
Where fairy tales are born
We turn our faces
Away from the priest

To raise and to chase
To veil and to sleep
If we could just
Sleep and never dream

O believe me
I have tried so hard
To sleep, to dream
To sleep and dream

O believe me
Don't you cry

The clouds seem to fake themselves
The deers and wolves flee and ask
Why don't they pay our deeds?
Why don't they even see?

What can we say?
What can we do?
What can we say
To make you pray?
Just give us time
Just give us light
To fight, fight
Fight, fight, fight, fight

O believe me
I have tried so hard
To close my eyes
To fail, no sleep

And these errors
Believed in an failed
Asleep and dream
On and on

Some More Lies

Disguised in Black, 2003
© by Sascha Tayefeh

There's no reason to be afraid
There's no reason to shed a tear
Where's your mask now, where's your face?
There's no reason to be afraid

Tell me some lies, I won't believe you
Tell me nothing, I don't hear you, now
Give me a reason to tell you lies
Just one good reason to share a tear

Take my hand and I will follow you
Take my hand to follow me
Take my hand and I will follow you
Take my hand and you'll follow me

You know I told you to go no further
You know I told you to tell me lies
So who did tell you to tell me the truth?
I didn't think so

Take my hand …

There's no reason to be afraid
There's no reason to shed a tear
Where's your mask now, where's your face?
There's no reason to be afraid

Tell me some lies, I won't believe you
Tell me nothing, I don't hear you, now
Give me a reason to tell you lies
Just one good reason to share a tear

Take my hand …

Sonate

Songs from Fairyland, 1993
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Time demands space, you must take it and wait
Retina displays you very eyes grace
I lay down and play a party of chess
The reaper shall fail, shall die and shall press

A button of light, careless and bright
O darling, o love, my only joy
O darling, O sweet
If I kissed you feet
O would you have mercy
Draw closer to me

Frost upon my lips
I entered the staiway to heaven to ask God for hints and for help
Some tiny little spiders
are wearing little cruel boots awake

To march right to Berlin to crush up the wall
Remove our shelter and bring us a new wall
A wall in our brains, a wall in our hearts
We shall never to able to break it again.

I still can't believe, that man in his need
That this is the man who was lord of our world
For millions of years, for billions of years
For thousands of times, eternalty times.

In God we trust,
In God we trust,
In God we trust,
In God we trust …

Listen, there's silence.
Listen, there's silence.
I close my eyes,
I close my eyes

Spell

Lips Like Red, 1995
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Hunting my old hunting grounds
Hiding though I know I'll be found
Hoping to find what will quench my thirst
And cast the spell with no, no reverse

Fall under the spell …

I expected to find my victims glare
But never before I faced that equal stare
And now I have to decide
Be the victim or be your wife

Fall under the spell

Tanz

L'État C'Est Moi, 1996
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Hör' zu mein Freund und meine Freundin
Hör zu und tanz
Und gib dich hin,
gib dich hin
Gib dich ganz

Vertraue diesem Tanz
Vertaue ganz
Und gib diesem Tanz den Kranz
Ich will dich ganz

Die Schläge in die Rippen
Das Blut deiner Lippen
Bis das die Schwachen kippen
Gebt diesem Tanz Kraft
Gebt diesem Tanz Macht

Gib diesem Tanz deine Kraft
Gib diesem Tanz deine Macht
Auf das der Tanz und der Kampf beginnt
Und der Kampf niemals endet
Und die Schmerzen immer währen
Diese Qualen niemals enden - ja TANZ, TANZ, TANZ …

Die Wut aus deinem Leben
Die musst du uns nur geben
Die Wut, der Hass, die Kraft, die Macht
Gewalt heißt deine Kraft

Teaching wild

The Flanders E.P., 2000
© by Sascha Tayefeh

[- undisclosed -]

The Cage

Lips Like Red, 1995
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Here in my cage a courting face
Hear their pow-steps graceful sounds
Nineteen feet left nighteen lifes
Degenerated object of fear

See the line of nuns
Walking down the path
Each carrying a candle
And wearing black clothes
They're going to the cage where life is drained
They're going to the cage, to the cage, to the cage

Here in my cage a courting face
Hear the pow-steps graceful sounds
Nineteen feet left nighteen lifes
Degenerated object of fear
Countess Luna regards the line
She's to mediate between good and evil
There comes the skeleton company
The army of light breaks through

The King Of Force - Remake

Black Romantic III, 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Howling through the ether
A new king of force is born
Growing sensual fevers
For I have tried out every forms

My blood has flown into a grail
For you, For you

For your attempts have failed
And now you are sick

I dreamt of a palace
It's walls were higher than heaven
And angels gave me some kisses
And I could see the truth

You should have seen this
The sun was covered in black
Just like anything else had turned into black
O you should have seen this

The Order Of Things

The Order of Things E.P., 2022
© by Sascha Tayefeh

He spins the time in dreams
Creates the things you see
And life is but a dream
Within a dream, within a dream, …

Now look: The Order of Things
Observe where it all beginns
Now look: The Order of Things
Observe where it all ends

He stands atop a hill
The time there's standing still
He spins the time in dreams
Creates the things you see
And life is but a dream
Within a dream, within a dream, …

Now look: The Order of Things
Observe where it all beginns
Now look: The Order of Things
Observe where it all ends

The Meaning Of Life

Romantic Death, 1993
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The Order of Things

There was a man who said ”I am enlightened”
As I asked him ”What was the original sin?
What were the words of Jesus?
What was the animal?”
”He only answered one single word: ”Lies!”

Man was weak, man was tired and don’t you know
Why reasons have been irrational?
There was just one single cause, one lonely answer, one response
Man was weak, man was tired, tired of being awake

The man who said ”I am omniscient”
And I asked him ”What went wrong?
Why has God forgotten his tribe?
What has happened that he let his children suffer this way?”
He said: ”You idiot sheep have been living
Too long too freely in happiness
In green pastures, in love, peace
If there was a place called paradise you would have been
Sick of even that place in less than one single day because”

Man was weak …

Then there was a man who said: ”I am a fool”
And I asked him: ”Fool, tell me the meaning of life!”
And he lay LEY down and never answered no more …

There are no Dreams

No Dreams E.P., 2021
© by Sascha Tayefeh

All matter starts to vanish
So she can't be touched anymore
And then he breathes heavily
And then she falls asleep

There are no dreams
There are no dreams
And through the stillness
You won't here her screams

And through the hot and heavy air
His erupting appetite
His violent love
Crushed the child

There are no dreams
There are no dreams
And through the stillness
You won't here her screams

This is a Dream

Demos, 1992
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This is a dream
You should dream with me

This is so soft
And still my eyes cannot see

Close your eyes and dream with me
I think I've seen too much

Ooo this is a dream

Todesengel

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

Hörst du die Stimmen in der Dunkelheit?
Sie kommen mit dem Wind,
Es sind die Stimmen der Vergangenheit
Und ihr Spiel beginnt.

Für alles was du jemals sagtest
Zahlst du jetzt den Preis,
Für alle deine Taten und für
Alles Lügen und Betrügen.

Die Stimmen in der Dunkelheit,
Vergessen und verletzt.
Sie heilen sich von deinem Fleisch,
Sind grausam doch gerecht.

Bitte zeig mir wo die Wahrheit ist,
dann geb' ich dir was du verlangst.
Zeig mir wo der Schatten tanzt und
wie man seinen Schmerz vergisst.

Oh liebe mich mein Todesengel,
Führ' mich durch das Licht.
Liebe mich mein Todesengel
Bis es mich zerbricht.
Liebe mich mein Todesengel
Führ' mich durch das Licht,
Oh liebe liebe liebe mich.
Liebe liebe liebe mich.

Hörst du die Stimmen aus der alten Zeit und
Fühlst du ihren Zorn?
Ihr Glanz hallt durch die Ewigkeit,
Du spürst dass du verlor'n hast

Du noch nie ein herz gehabt,
Hast du noch nie bereut?
Warst Du doch lieber hart als gnädig
Dein Hass hat Dich getäuscht

Oh liebe liebe liebe mich.
Liebe liebe liebe mich.

Doch sind es Stimmen der Barmherzigkeit,
Sanft und voller Kraft.
Stimmen der Zärtlichkeit,
Aus der Tiefen der Vergangenheit.

Bitte sag mir wo die Wahrheit ist,
Dann geb ich dir was du verlangst.
Sag mir wo der Schatten tanzt und
Wie man seinen Schmerz vergisst.

Oh liebe mich mein Todesengel,
Führ mich durch das Licht.
Liebe mich mein Todesengel
Bis es mich zerbricht.
Liebe mich mein Todesengel
Führ mich durch das Licht,
Oh liebe liebe liebe mich.

Upright

The Order of Things E.P., 2022
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It’s not about the will
Desire does not count
Persistence does not help
The things cannot be ruled

To become whole,
one must be broken
To become upright
First become twisted

To become full
First empty the mind
To become new
First grow old

Leaving things behind
Will all things unite
The Beauty defines the ugly
The Good defines the evil

High opposes low
Long creates short
Things come her way
Let them go their way

Watching The Sky

Der Magische Puls, 2001
© by Sascha Tayefeh

It's cold inside, so cold in you
It's cold tonight, I feel the way you do

Watching in the sky, the stars shine bright
The night is clean, but it's cold inside

I touch your face, this feeling in you
I take your hand, you take mine too
I feel you'd like to understand
I kiss your lips, you touch my hand

So less us fly into the dark
The stars come close, the world falls apart
So cold inside you stop to fight
The hurting in you is gonna be alright

I feel this light, you feel with too
Is this a dream or is it the truth?

It's cold inside, so cold in you
It's cold tonight, I feel the way you do
Watching in the sky, the stars shine bright
The night is clean, but is cold inside
You touch your hand
I kiss your neck
You're eyes like icing sugar
You have to leave
I see it true
My head explodes
The hurt has left
And I cry …